

A N  
O D E  
T O T H E  
K I N G

On his Return from New-Market.

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*Set by Mr. Baptift, Master of the Queen's Musick.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, in Russel-street in Covent-  
Garden, with the Authors Consent, 1684.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Garland, J. H. 1890. The  
Insects of the British Isles, in R. S. 1890. The British Isles.

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## An ODE

To the KING, on his Return  
from New-Market.

**L**ET all our Feares, let all our Murmures cease,  
The *British Halcyon* comes with Peace.  
Safe He Returnes, desir'd, and blest,  
Our Union ripening in his Royal Breast. }  
He comes to toil that We may Rest.

*England's* Hope and *Rome's* Despair,  
Earth's delight, and Heaven's care!  
To all our Joy, our Safety's come!  
Ever wellcome, wellcome Home!  
Wellcome as Day's reviving Light,  
After dismal Dreames by Night;  
Chear us, save us with thy Sight!  
With thy blest sight, to all thy Subjects dear,  
Cure a trembling Nation's Fear.  
Break out again in thy Youth's God-like Form,  
And with an *All-restoring* Ray  
Dispell the black Impending Storm,  
And drive the gathering Clouds away.

Oh sole support in dark despairing dayes! [thy Praise!  
What Muse divine shall sing our Love, what Angel-Quire  
Just to thy Friends! best Refuge of thy Foes!  
Our weary floating Isle's Repose!  
For all Distractions, every publick Grief,  
Thou often try'd, Thou only sure Relief!

If Hell assault a Life so dear,  
 Or Heaven's Rod reach some precious Part;  
 'Tis We that in thy dangers fear,  
 In all thy pains we smart.  
 Thy Safety's Ours, Ours is thy Health;  
 Prop of our Faith / Guard of our Wealth;  
 The Cordial that with Fate does strive,  
 And still keeps Liberty alive!  
 At the last gasp does fainting Hope relieve!  
 Devoted *England's* kind Reprieve!  
 Her daily Prayer, her chief Endeavour!  
 Out-live our Feares! O Live for ever!  
 Ever Live, and ever Reign!  
 By thy *Sovereigne healing Touch*  
 Close our gaping Wounds again.  
 Nor think thy tenderneſſe too much.  
 In a common Father's Love,  
 Copy him that rules Above.  
 Equal, like his Showers on All,  
 Both Good and Bad, thy Justice fall.  
 What thy Star promis'd, let thy Reign fulfill,  
 And Mercy be thy Favourite Virtue still.  
 Mercy, when all Foroe had fail'd,  
 O're thy conquering Foes prevail'd:  
 Did a lost Kingdom, mad with Jealousie, reclaim;  
 O keep and rule it by the same!  
 That Virtue of thy Blood can never---never be to blame.  
 Take to thy Bosome this repenting Wife,  
 And whom Heaven joines None dare to sever!  
 No fawning Fiend advance new strife,  
 Or under-shows to guard thy Life,  
 Thy Death afresh endeavour;  
 Out-live our Feares, O Live for ever!  
 Happy keep us still, and free,  
 We no Successor wish to see.